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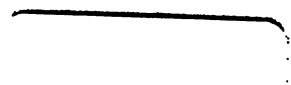
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A Book of Verses.

By W.G.Collingwood.



To Mr Cunningham

with the Author's Compliments

December 1889.

A BOOK OF VERSES.

BY


W. GERSHOM COLLINGWOOD.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

1885.

ANS4722

Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Limited, London and Aylesbury.



TO MISS SUSANNA BEEVER

*MAY is coming to array
All your dale for holiday;
She will tint with cunning brush
Larch and oak and thorn and rush;
Sweep the fields, and furbish up
Celandine and buttercup;
Rub the lichens bright, and deck
With moss-cushions every beck;
Rake the snow-drifts out that cram
Deep-delved ghylls of Wetherlam;
Garland all the crags with heath,
Fringe with fern the screes beneath;
Clip the clouds, and chain the gales;
Launch the boats, and hoist the sails;
Then she'll clap her hands, and call
All the world to festival.*

*Ah! but what can May devise
To delight your weary eyes?*

*Wearying of your hermitage,
As a song-bird of its cage;
Shut from May and all her shows,
With your window curtained close,
Leaving but a hand-breadth free
For the laurel's greenery,
For the azure hills and lake
To peep in on you, and break
That sad gloom where you must shun
The violence of the unwelcomed sun.*

*There from morn to eve you sit,
And the trailing shadows flit
From the floor, to rise and float
In shapes that none but you may note.
Memories come of lives outspent,
Sorrow past, and past content;
Footfalls of departed feet
Still resound in your retreat.*

*May that makes the world without
Riotous with song and shout,
May must hush her boisterousness,
Sleek her hair and smoothe her dress,
Trip demurely through the gate
Of the porch before the Thwaite;*

*Stand awhile beside your door,
Till the shadows on the floor
Cease their talk with you, and then
Say with reverence, "Once again
May has come to you, to say
God give you a glad May-day!
Love to you from all the birds
That you love; from flocks and herds
You protect; from cats and mice
Who find your home their Paradise!
Love to you from many friends,
Greeting you from all the ends
Of the wide, wide world! And look!
Here's a foolish little book
One that met me made me bring
For a May-tide offering.
Saying, there are songs in it
You have loved and he has writ.
So farewell again, for May
Is a busy girl to-day!"*



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A BOOK OF VERSES.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text outlines various methods for organizing and storing data, including digital databases and physical filing systems. It also mentions the need for regular audits and reviews to ensure the integrity of the information.

2. The second section focuses on the role of communication in achieving organizational goals. It highlights the importance of clear and concise communication, both internally and externally. The text provides guidelines for effective communication, such as using appropriate language, listening actively, and providing feedback. It also discusses the benefits of open communication and how it can foster a collaborative work environment.

3. The third part of the document addresses the issue of time management. It recognizes that time is a valuable resource and that efficient use of time is crucial for productivity. The text offers several strategies for managing time, including prioritizing tasks, setting deadlines, and delegating responsibilities. It also mentions the importance of taking breaks and maintaining a healthy work-life balance to prevent burnout.

4. The final section discusses the importance of continuous learning and professional development. It encourages individuals to stay up-to-date with the latest trends and technologies in their field. The text suggests various ways to acquire new skills, such as attending workshops, conferences, and taking courses. It also emphasizes the value of mentorship and peer learning in the learning process.

THE PEDLAR.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

It's Christmas Eve, and the dogs are a-cold,
And the star's in the sky, and the flock's in
the fold.

A pedlar came to the homestead gate

With his pack and his pike, and weary was he ;
He said, "See wares from heaven to buy you !
Who will chaffer his heart with me ? "

It's Christmas Eve, and the dogs are a-cold,
And the star's in the sky, and the flock's in
the fold.

The farmer laughed—" For a quittance from hell
Here's all I've left of a heart for ye ! "

Quoth the goodwife—"For a heavenly mansion
Take, and you're welcome, my heart in fee!"

It's Christmas Eve, and the dogs are a-cold,
And the star's in the sky, and the flock's in
the fold.

The younker bought him a kingly crown,
The men got glory in bliss to be;
The maids chose harps and golden garments,
Cried "Good e'en!" and "Good b'ye!" said he.

It's Christmas Eve, and the dogs are a-cold,
And the star's in the sky, and the flock's in
the fold.

But the youngest of all said never a word,
Her hand to her flaxen head held she;
Till, just as he passed the door, she whispered,
"Here's my heart, at a gift for Thee!"

It's Christmas Eve, and the dogs are a-cold,
And the star's in the sky, and the flock's in
the fold.

It's feasting day, and the feast's in heaven,
And there are our folk all fair to see :
"Have they left no room for my own little maiden ?
Come, she must sit on the throne with Me !"

It's Christmas Eve, and the dogs are a-cold,
And the star's in the sky ;—and the lamb's in
the fold !

ANGELS ON EARTH.

THERE are angels walking among us
Unknown and unrevered ;
Unknown, though they stand unhidden—
But our eyes are blind or bleared ;
Unadored, though Heaven's ambassadors
To hardened hearts and seared.

* * *

School-time was over in heaven—
In that happy Sunday-school,
Where nobody's tired or tiresome,
Or truant, or dunce, or fool ;
They sit beneath the trees of life,
By the river serene and cool.

The scholars are little children
Who died while they were young ;
They sing the songs of Paradise,
And spell the heavenly tongue ;
And the dearest of angels teaches them
How their harps are held and strung.

So now that school was over,
And hushed their harps of gold,
They sat, while the last new-comer
Her earthly history told :
A sad little tale of want and woe,
Of hunger and thirst and cold.

“ I was such a while a-dying,
And mother was always out ;
And our room was dull and lonesome,
And I never could stir about ;
And through the window was nothing to see
But bricks, and a water-spout.

"But when I was very badly,
I often used to look
At my picture of a rose-tree
A boy in our alley took :
It was painted red,—the roses were,
And stuck in my picture-book.

"And I wished and hoped that some day
Perhaps I might have a flower !
A rose-tree, living and growing,
As I watched it, hour upon hour.
I'd water it well, till it spread and spread,
And our room would be all one bower !

"But mother said, 'Stuff and nonsense !
Don't cry for the moon, my dear !'
Till at last I woke this morning,
And found my roses—here !"
And the angels veiled their faces
In their wings to hide a tear.

And one said, "O that the Master
Would grant me leave to go
And carry His flowers to the children
Who dwell in the gloom below !
For there's many a sin they might forsake
Could they only forget their woe."

* * *

That angel walks among us
Unadored and undiscerned,
And brings to the city children
The beauty for which they yearned—
The beauty their sordid fathers
Have rashly despised and spurned.

But young eyes, yet unblinded
By the maladies of the soul,
And worn eyes, washed with weeping,
By sorrow's salve made whole,—
They know the Heaven-sent messenger
By the light of her aureole.

THE WOOING OF THE LANCASHIRE
WITCHES.

THERE came two fairies tripping along,
On a Candlemas-day in the morn, O !
And one of them dibbled the daisy-roots,
And one of them hoed the corn, O !
“ Eh, sister Comely, folk will sing
To spy your bonny crop in spring ! ”
“ Ay, Homely, and how their shouts will ring
When your harvest home is borne, O ! ”

There came two loobies lounging along,
With Brummagem cane in fist, O !
And each of them smoothed his shoddy coat,
And hitched the cuff on his wrist, O !
And it's, “ Come with us, you country girls,
We'll deck you fine in silk and pearls ! ”
But Comely laughed, and shook her curls,
And Homely wouldn't be kissed, O !

"What little fools, upon my soul!

Don't look so shy and askance, O!

My name's Lord Cotton!" "And I'm Lord Coal!

And it's rarely you'll get such a chance, O!

We'll make you a palace, with chimneys for
towers,

And parks with black diamonds in them for
flowers,

And the people shall slave, and the profit be ours,

And we'll be jolly and dance, O!"

The lasses they stood and stared and smirked,

They didn't know what to say, O!

"Well, don't if you won't; there are those that
will!"

And the lasses no more said nay, O!

But by May the daisies all were dead;

And at Christmas, where was the children's bread?

"It was wedding in haste," they sighed and said,

By another Candlemas-day, O!

LENT-LILIES.

I.

O IF I were where my heart is,
Lying among the Lent-lilies !
The planes are budding in our square,
And crocuses were blazing there
 A-row inside the rusty gate
A week ago ; and yesterday,
 As afternoon was growing late,
Two ragged children passed this way
With handfuls of gold Lent-lilies.
But I remember where there is
A whole field full ! so thick, you see
 Scarcely a green blade of the stalks,
 Except the edges of the walks
Which cows tread down continually
At milking time ; and you can creep
Into a gold grave, soft and deep ;

And hardly see the sky o'erhead
For dark gold leaves with sunshine through,
Clear gold against the sunlit blue ;
And hear the becks that, mountain-fed,
Run by ; and hear the plash they make
When their brown water meets the lake,
With quiet in its swirl and flow—
And I was there, a year ago !

II.

Fie, foolish dreams ! but let me look
Among the pages of my book
If spells there be to quench this worst
Of world-desires, this Nature-thirst.

Maybe there's virtue in the shape
Of Greek words printed anciently,
Of verses running into cape
And bay upon a rippling sea
Of margin ribbed and growing wan,
With twice a hundred years bygone.
See here, to render this romaunt*—

“ Two lived together ; one was he

* The *'Aίης* of Theocritus.

Whom outland-folk had named 'l'amaunt,'
And one again they called 'l'amy.'
Each had the other in great love,
For they of yore were fashioned of
Pure gold ; and one knew verily
That his love's heart toward him was good ;
But this was many a year gone by.
O if I knew that my love could
Find such reward, that every age
Might hear its fame !" So ends the page—
But I would be where my heart is,
Lying among the Lent-lilies !

III.

Let me go down and see my friend,
And bring this folly to an end ;
This night-longing and day-desire,
That sets my weary thought a-fire,
With her I'd while away the hours,
Watching her brown eyes and eyebrows ;
For there is quiet in the house,
And music there, and many flowers.

And in the sky there is sunshine,
And breaths of air serene and fine
Even in this London's smoky prison.
I'm like an invalid new risen
From month-long sickness, who can walk
Delicately, and laugh, and talk
Of travel when his body's pain
Shall cease, and he be strong again.

—But you who know the mysteries
Of human will, resolve me why

I find content in none of these,
But in the Lent-lilies would lie ;
To see the gold against the blue,
And hear beck-water rippling through.
Oh if I were where my heart is,
Lying among the Lent-lilies !

THE CAGED LINNET.

Is my linnet sick ?

Will he die ?

Ah, my pretty Dick,

Tell me why !

What is it you want,

That you pine ?

Tell me, for I can't

Even divine.

You have house and food,

Mistress fond ;

What is there you could

Ask beyond !

And I love you—I

Love you so !

I should grieve and cry,
Should you go.

* * *

I'd a curious dream
Yesternight ;
Such a wintry gleam,
Cold and white !

Many a little bird
At the pane ;
Everyone I heard
Talking plain !

Talking plain ! why not ?
" Lucky one !
You've a cosy cot ;
We have none !

" You are well and warm,
Snugly placed :
We are in the storm,
Starved and chased ! "

And I laughed aloud
When I heard ;
Thought, " He must be proud,
Happy bird ! "

But he said, " I know
She is good ;
Yes, indeed ; I owe
Gratitude .

" I am sure I've meant
To be sage :
But—who lives content
In a cage ? "

ALP-SONG.

HIGH within the sky, within the deep dark sky ;
Higher through the blue than the soaring eagles
go ;

There's never herb growing,
Nor ever brook flowing,
In the bleak black rock, on the bright white snow.

Throned above the world, o'er the faint round
world,

Yearning downward distantly to the dim-broidered
land ;

Where the keen air's clearer,
To the sun's flame nearer,
With heaven's expanse unfathomable enwound see
me stand.

Chants float up and pealing notes from ranks of
steep ravines ;

Voices across the vale, from choirs of carolling
rills ;

From an alp low-lying

Rippled bell-notes replying

To thunder on the flanks of heavily-heaving hills.

Glory of life, O crowning glory and joy ! so to
stand,

Pinnacled beside the sun, with the world spread
below !

These may hate, those love it,—

But ah ! to climb above it,

Beyond the roar of avalanches to the heaven-built
home of snow !

MAY-MORNING ON THE MOUNTAINS.

It was the eve of May-day. Ere the night
Shepherds left byre and cot to climb the height
That shadowed from their folds the fierce noon-
glow,

Or lamped their evenings with its late-lit snow ;
And now to be their watch-tower. In a combe
Whose cragged and crannied bowl was brimmed
with gloom

Concave to occident, to wait the day
On a white tarn-beach through the night they lay,
Couched on the boulders round rude hearths,
whose glare

Pillared with fire a roof of windless air ;
And multitudinous down-dropping of streams,
That veined the quiet combe with pulsing gleams,

Soothed sleep to slumber, and slumber to a deep
Opiate dream, on which no thought could creep
But languorous content, and an awed charm
In the close clasp of the protecting arm
Flung round by the great mountains. Dreamily,
An hour before the dawn should gild the sky
Behind the dark head of the sighing cirque,
We rose and climbed the hill. The morning murk
Breathed chilly, but with breath that can inspire
That Alp-vigour, which fans the spirit's fire
To song and laughter, till it flame to mirth
Unmixed with any bitterness of earth.

The starlight hour before the dawn revealed
Dim dewy slopes of shale and dusky field,
And spaces gleaming through mysterious shade,
Where from the oozy moss a young cascade
Slid oblique down the rock's disjointed beds ;
Or tall and tremulous waterfalls, whose heads,
Nodding from heights perilous immeasurably,
Shook loose their swathes of elfin drapery.
Rest on this vantage-buttress. Through the dark
Dale the goat-horn sounds day-breaking ; and hark !

Beneath, the gathering pilgrimage surrounds
The black tarn's brink with shouts and confused
sounds ;

For, like an ant-hill stirred, the grey uplands
Stir with the awakening sleepers ; drowsy hands
Upstretched, and sleep-shut eyes cleared by cool
dawn.

The villagers are roused ; and from the lawn,
By every ghyll and steep stream-bed they climb
The stern thick blackness that o'erhangs, with
rime

Glistening, and ledges of white snow and cold.

Climb through this cleft, and round the buttress ;
hold

These fronds that tuft the shale : the cleavage
shows

Great steps and broken ; now the pathway
grows

Freer to that steep stair of scree and grass
Powdered with pearly dew, whereunder pass
Murmurings of water, and querulous unrest
Of runnels ;—now your feet are on the crest

Whence the hill slopes to greyness of cloud-
streaks,

And the mist melts to azure of cold peaks,
And the peaks cleave the pure rose of clear sky,
Bound in black bands of air-based masonry,
And flecked with infinite flickerings of light.

The congregation swells on ridge and height,
Uprising from the gulf through each black rift
Voiceless and eager ; till from hands uplift
Is waft, and rolled from thousand tongues as one,
Their jubilant welcome to the rising sun.

NATURE'S LOVE-SONG.

HEAT in the haze and a blaze on the heather !
 Kiss the world, sun ! it is love's very weather ;
 Dance, sun and world, in the dazzle together !

Blue through the harebell and green through the
 bracken,
 Pour yourself, sun ; till the power of you slacken ;
 Breathe till the lichens are shrivelled, and blacken !

Shall this your Semelè grieve that you choose her,
 Fierce in your fondness, to scorch her, to bruise
 her ?

Nay, but the force of you fires and renews her.

See how her glance glitters out in the torrent ;
 Birch-tresses quivering,—there is a warrant
 How from your gaze she is hardly abhorrent.

Ay, and how fair ! how her lover must love her, —
Her, and the garlanded ornament of her,
Vestments of verdure around and above her.

I love her too, as the child of her bosom,
She loving me, for how could she be gruesome
More to the boy on her lap, than the blossom ?

Brood on her face, then ; for what should en-
cumber
Joy of such hours but the thought of their
number ?

Kiss her, she sleeps ;—kiss her, waking, to
slumber !

Think of the passionate parting at even,
Fire in her countenance, flame through the heaven,
Till the last, latest embraces be riven !

Ah, but you know not, for who can have told you ?
How, when no more may your lover behold you,
Flushed she lies, dreaming her arms yet enfold
you.

Nor, when her sister, the little moon, creeping
Shyly to spy, shall imagine her sleeping,
How her wan face will be wet with her weeping.

THE ROSE-LOVER.

"Click, clack!" the treadles cried,
And the thread was sped and the knot was tied.


And "Oh" and "Ah" sang one at the loom,
"Let me but live till the roses bloom!"

"What is this singing, and whose, and why?"
The caliph asked as the court rode by.

"Sire, 'tis a weaver, old and bald,
And the Rose-lover his name is called.

"High-days, holidays, night and noon,
There will he weave till early June.

"Then, for the blossoming rose is red,
Drops the shuttle, and clips the thread.



" Round the garden-walks he goes,
To pluck the white and the damask rose :

" Holding, under the trellis-vine,
High rose-revel with harp and wine.

" Singing, ' Drink, for the summer's here !
Play, 'tis the noon-feast of the year !

" ' Laugh with the sun in the fountain's spray ;
Love, for the rose smells sweet to-day !

" ' Roses, roses, showered on the sward,
Joy of the blessed, ah ! joy of the Lord !

" ' Buds of the damask, glow in the sun ;
Fade you not till the feast be done.

" ' Wait, for I'll weave you, O bright and sweet,
In a carpet fit for the Caliph's feet.

" ' A wreath unfading, fit to beguile
His world-worn eyes to a look and a smile.

" ' Wait, for I'll weave you, line by line,
Into my heart till I make you mine.

" ' Blossoms of Eden, I'll weave you whole,
Roses, roses, into my soul !

" ' Ah ! my soul, ah ! summer is here !
Shout for the glorious noon of the year !

" ' O Lord, make me glad with these gifts and
 grace,
Till the day when I meet Thee face to face ! ' "

" Good ! " said the Caliph ('twas Al Mamoun),
" There is a song to a noble tune !

" A song that is worthy of more reward
Than many a deed of the doughtiest sword.

" Let him be given, my lord vizier,
Ten thousand dirhems year by year ;

" For pity it were should it so befall
That his rose-feast fail of the wherewithal."

" But, Sire," said he, " I regret to say
He is never at prayers on a fasting-day.

"Your royal bounty were better spent
On flagellant saints and the penitent.

"For how can this be a true believer,
Who hugs the gift and neglects the Giver?"

"What!" said the Caliph, in sudden mood,
"Is thine eye evil if I be good?"

"The best return man makes to heaven
Is frankly to take what is freely given.

"And dearer to Him such plain-sung praise
Than the direst of groans on your fasting-days!"

AIMS IN LIFE.

"O IF I might do some great deed, and die!"

She said,—and hid her face among the grass;
And, lying there, felt the warm breezes pass
Close overhead, and through the pines hard by,—
"Some work that may not perish utterly
With all the trifles of the tedious mass
Whose naught sums up this death-in-life.

Alas!

To do this one great living deed, and die!"

But in the wind a whisper seemed to say,
—God's voice, if e'er He spake; none else was
nigh,—

And from the grass it answered to her sigh,
"What were a great work worth, if thou delay
Each little task I set thee day by day,
To link the chain that spans eternity?"

THE SECRET OF THE BUD.

CHILD, with unblemished brow, and eyes
 Moons of Love's sunshine, mirrors of the world ;
 Lips, two unopened buds from Paradise,
 Wherein what mystery lies
 Enscrolled, till time their petals have unfurled !

What spirit will gaze when you are old
 From those wide eyes which are so limpid now ?
 What passion of words lies on your lips untold ?
 What labouring soul shall hold
 Strange communings behind that open brow ?

Had I Heaven's book of secret lore,
 The abacus of Fate, whereon to count
 This cause and that, through all the heretofore
 To scan your being o'er,
 What term should sum the mystical amount ?

Has even He whose thought we are
Forecast the secret of your human will ?
Can He who guides the runnel down the scaur,
And rules the roaming star,
Have portioned you a good life or an ill ?

And could I weigh with perfect poise
Force against force, which in your growth have
striven,
Would that resolve the mystery of your choice
To make your voice a voice
Vibrating evermore through hell or heaven ?

For there you stand full dowered and free
Of lovely life and living love, to range
Undreamed domains of possibility ;
And yet remain for me
So near, to love ; to comprehend, how strange !

THE PARADOX OF LIFE.

WELL ; to die is gain, I trust ; and yet to live is
very sweet :

Life and health renewed ! and sunlight, shining
on my garden-seat !

Church-bells chiming o'er the valley, daisies
springing on the sod,
Birds and beasts around, and Nature pointing up
to Nature's God.

Dear dumb friend, imprisoned soul, with faithful
heart and eyes that speak !

. . . Down, you cur ! how dare you worry puss ?
the strong should help the weak !

Darling pussy, did he chase you ? just as if you
were a rat !

. . . What ! you've caught a fledgling swallow ?
let it go, you cruel cat !

Pretty fledgling, can I rear you, or would it be
all in vain ?

. . . Ah, disgusting ! see it gulp the spiders on
the window pane !

Marvellous webster, wise contriver ; type of wis-
dom's conquering might !

. . . Spider, crafty, fierce, and cruel ; type of
diabolic spite !

Poor, entangled fly, so fine with gauzy wings and
jewelled eyes !

. . . Plague and pest, the devil bred you ; Beelzebub,
the lord of flies !

* * * * *

Stroke and counterstroke and parry ! sight that
blinds, and hope that mocks :

Chaos ? no ; too clear the Cosmos ; that is Nature's
paradox.

Pain and pleasure intermingled ; good and ill,
effect and cause ;

Right and wrong embracing, wedded ; one by
unremitting laws.

Eyelids, shut ! keep out the vision of a tortured
world that weeps !

Eyelids, open ! see the sunlight round the glorious
world that creeps !

Take the evil out of Nature, what is left to stand
for good ?

Count her evil altogether,—who provides her
children food ?

Yet if all things work for good, what means your
prophet's fierce complaint ?

Beard the strong, cross nature's law,—men hail
you hero, saviour, saint !

Why support the weak, revolting, if the strongest
must prevail ?

If the fittest must survive, why nurse the unfit
who must fail ?

Sympathy and pity, are they rebels to eternal
laws ?

Is our Christ of mercy hostile to our God, the
first great cause ?

Is this Nature God or Devil? is this world a
heaven or hell?

Is its law a just or unjust, is its working ill or
well?

If created, why so faultful? if evolving, whence
the strife,

Right of might and might of right at war,—the
Paradox of Life?

SUUM CUIQUE.

Is nothing new beneath the sun ?
I know old things have infinite change ;
For we have many lives in one
And each to each, how strange !

As though the soul were Argus-eyed,
And Briareus' hands were few to hers ;
One eye sees nought one sight beside,
One hand one impulse stirs ;

Like strands in cord of curious plench
So intertangled that perchance
We count not half their sum, yet each
Stands in its severance.

Even so one knows not his own soul,
Save part by part at times revealed.
Whence then this hope to scan the whole
In stranger lives concealed ?

Each love a separate life, each hate,
And every place and thought and look,
Removed from this world's pry and prate,
Each in its memory-nook ;

Where the life's being, calm and still,
Sounds evermore but heeded not,
Like the lone tinkling of a rill,
Till one, all tired, and hot

With dust, and with long journeying spent,
Marks the mossed rock cleft here in twain ;
And, bending where he oft has bent
Alone, he drinks again.

Yet other founts he knows than this,
Some likewise home to him alone ;
And some, like those of Paradise,
Whose streams are all men's own.

Say not, "What all men drink, being broad
And deep, is common and unclean."

Perchance it flows from the throne of God,
Who plants its banks with green

Of death-defying Eden-fruit.

See thine be clear of trailing weed ;
See thine in drought be never mute,
Who scorn'st the lowly mead !

Nor thou whose will is as the will
Of many a neighbour, mock the craft
Of him who climbs the arduous ghyll,
To draw from thence his draught

Of keener, clearer life-water,
Distilled from mountain cliffs above—
The offspring of snow-laden air,
And dews thou know'st not of.

Yet should he humbly dip the palm
Thine own accustomed wave beneath,
Let no foot foul the outspread calm
With noisome dregs of death.

These are thy drinking places too—

 This one broad stream of many an one,
Which all no less are fresh and blue,
 Fed from the selfsame sun.

Thus, let his ways be thine ; yet thus

 Why not inscrutable to thee ?
Shall each pragmatic Œdipus
 Read every mystery ?

AT THE ABBEY OF TALLOIRES.

STORM on the lake and storm along the mountains !
 From its perennial home
 The snow breaks loose to fight the unfrozen
 fountains,
 To lash the leaping foam ;
 And in confused encounter fade away
 Lake, land, and cloud,—the white world and the
 grey.

We are hard beset by tempest and by winter
 Fallen on us unforeseen ;
 Bluff guests, who all too soon demand to enter
 The vintager's demesne.
 Heap faggots ! stir the embers till they flare,
 And rouse the dogs, too dully drowsing there !

Here one may sit safe-domiciled, and ponder
(While the lashed casements groan)

Upon the perils of poor souls that wander,
Left in the wilds alone:—

The blinding drift, the snow-grave unawares,
The frozen swoon, and famished forest-bears.

Even close at hand, above our cosy ingle,
How the keen wind must bite
In those bleak caverns of the chasmy dingle,
Where hermits knelt all night—
Stern Germain and his kin, who prayed of yore
In such unhomely haunts of wild Talloires.

Ay, at this hearth an abbot once was sitting,
Not many a decade dead ;
And from the blast around the wainscot flitting
He cowed his tonsured head ;
And blinked, and dozed, and dreamed, until the
bell
Clanged along gusty vaults the vesper knell.

No prayer-bell now ! the desecrate sanctuary
 Resounds to other notes ;
Its mouldering gate while sunshine lasts is merry
 With crews of bannered boats,
Who laugh and lounge away their holidays,
And Renan sits, the genius of the place.

Well, that's the new world ! but the old world's
 story
 No vain contempt can blot ;
The lowly grandeur, and the fameless glory
 That consecrate the spot.
Prayers, vigils, fasts, they were no idle tale :
How shall we judge them as of none avail ?

Did all those years of passionate, fierce devotion
 Draw them no nearer heaven ?
Was it for nought that every dear emotion
 They shunned as earthly leaven ?
We, proud to trace our kinship with the beast,
Run to and fro, and knowledge is increased.

Knowledge ? Of what ? Of all the meaner uses,
The baser aims of life ;
Of shameful mysteries, of crime's excuses,
And arts of greed and strife.
Knowledge that clings to every transient breath ;
That knows no life but what is mask of death.

And seers and singers, of whatever faction,
Stirred by despair or hope,
Join in the alarm, and trumpet us to action,
With this or that to cope ;
Till every youngster girds the unproven sword,
Nor doubts himself the champion of the Lord.

Trust me,—nay, trust the wisest of the ages,
Who chose the better part ;
And hold His hand while the world's whirlwind
rages,
Creep to Him heart to heart :
Hidden in the clift behold His presence come ;
Stand by, and watch His workings : and be dumb.

Is He asleep, that thou must shriek to move Him ?

Weak, that He needs thy hand ?

So far aloft, no human heart may love Him ?

Too high to understand ?

Nay, if He need, it is thine ears to hear,

Thine eyes to gaze, thy spirit to revere.

I am wholly in love with hermitage,—a season

Of desert-communing,

When I, even I, maybe, might view such vision,

Might hear such angels sing

As Jacob heard, in wayless wilds abroad,

And a voice spake—"I am thy father's God."

THE BROTHER OF THE BIRDS.

It's not alone that flowers are fair,
That woods are fresh and green,
That music haunts the breathing air,
And sunlight gilds the scene :
It's not for such delights alone
I love to call these haunts my own.

For in the town can I withstand
Despair's environment ?
Shame or deceit on either hand—
Pride, greed, or discontent :
I see their seal on every brow,
And hear a warning—"Such art thou !"

My faults, *my* fears—a mocking host,
I cannot pass them by ;
Like him who met his very ghost,
And knew that he must die—
My soul in each sad soul I trace,
And read my fate in every face.

But here,—ah ! joy transcending words,
To lose both self and sin,
Acknowledged brother of the birds,
To all the flowers akin ;
And from His opened sanctuary
God smiles upon them—and on me !

REQUIESCAT.

THESE winter mornings it seems strange to wake
 An hour before sunrising, when moonlight
 Lies on the snow, and throws dim waifs of
 white

Up to the chamber roof: to lie and take
 No note of anything but what shall make
 For restfulness and quietude infinite,
 After the horrors of a dreamful night ;
 Till redbreasts twitter, and the dawning break.

It shall be so, I hope, when I am dead :—
 A breathing-space of pure inviolate peace,
 Wherethrough (the things this life has done
 and borne

Half out of mind) shall all be seen and read
 In new light ; till the archangel sound release,
 And the sun rise of the resurrection-morn.

KING MELCHIOR'S DAUGHTER.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE king came down from his weird watch-tower :
He had seen the sign ; he had marked the hour ;
And he lifted the latch of the golden bower.

His eyes were aflame and his lips were white
With waking and watching so many a night,
And his hand was a-tremble that held the light.

"Look out at the window, my lassie !" said he ;
"Look over the glimmering west-countrie,
And spy what a wonder is there to see !"

"O father, the star ! O marvellous thing !
And is it the sign that your sages sing,—
The bright birth-star of the wide world's King ?"

"To-night is born, if my books be true,
The King that shall order the world anew,
To whom all homage and faith are due."

"O run to Him, father, and bear Him word
Thou art ready to serve Him with sceptre and
sword,—
And carry my kiss to our Baby Lord."

So forth in the desert they ride afar,
Melchior and Caspar and Baltasar,
In the westland wilds to follow the star.

And the princess dreamed, and her dream was
sweet,—
Of a Babe rich-robed, on a royal seat,
With all living things at His little white feet.

And she dreamed again, and her dream was
strange,—
Of a Babe forlorn in a ruined grange,
And His state was changed as a dream can change.

And she dreamed once more, and her dream was
dread,

For His hands and His feet and His side were red,
But her heart beat saying, "He cannot be dead."

But night after night as she watched the star,
Her heart burnt hot to be flown afar,
With Melchior, Caspar, and Baltasar.

And night after night as she lay to rest,
With strange, sweet visions her sleep was blessed,
And close to her bosom the dear dream pressed.

But the star has paled, and the months have gone ;
To Melchior's hall one voyaged alone—
King Melchior, weary and worn and wan.

"I followed the lead of the boding star,
With good King Caspar and Baltasar ;
I strove through the desert to lands afar.

"O strange is fate, if my books be true !
Was *this* the King that the world shall woo ?
The King that shall rule all realms anew ?

"I found but a Babe in a manger laid,
With a pillow of straw for His little head—
'And this is my King of kings,' I said !

"O strange is the course that the stars have run !
But my faith stands pledged till my days be done ;
I have knelt, I have worshipped the little One !"

The princess lay on her golden bed—
"And I have a pillow of silk," she said ;
"And He but straw for His darling head !

"But my heart is gone to His home afar,
With my father and Caspar and Baltasar—
My heart is gone to my guiding Star !"

FOR THE OLD YEAR.

It was New Year's Eve ; we were working late,
Preparing our presents in show and state

For the young New Year :

Toys and trinkets a baby wears,
Love and greeting, wishes and prayers,
Plans and purposes, hopes and cares,
For the bright New Year.

But a wan, worn face looked in at the door,
When our presents were lying about on the floor

For the glad New Year :

" Good-bye ! I am going—you cannot know
where ;

But of all the gifts that are glittering there
Have you never the tiniest trifle to spare
For the poor Old Year ? "

" You poor old friend, going out in the cold ;

To think we forget you because you are old,

 You poor Old Year !

See this garland of memories hung by the wall ;

The flowers are immortal, the thorns—they will
 fall ;

Take this, and a kiss, and ' God bless you ' from
 all,

 You good Old Year ! "

OLD-FASHIONED LOVE.

LOVE is a baron with counties seven,
And his suzerain is the Lord of Heaven.

(Tira-la-la through the budding corn !)

Love is my lord, and his liege am I,
Owing him faith and fealty.

(And I ride abroad in the rosy morn,
Through wet green grass of the meadows.)

I knelt at his throne ; I swore to his oath ;
And my ears ring yet with the plighted troth.

(Tira-la-la through the bladed corn !)

I folded my hands between his hands,
That burnt to my heart like fiery brands.

(And I ride along in the golden morn,
In the poplar's purple shadows.)

I kissed his foot and he kissed my brow,
And I feel the print of his kisses now.

(Tira-la-la through the waving corn !)
Now am I his faithful errant-knight,
Bound on his quest at noon or night.
(Riding away in the dewy morn,
Through rainbow-glitter of meadows.)

My lord hath a maid with sunlit hair,
And eyes like a grove when the sun shines there.

(Tira-la-la through lilies and corn !)
He led me to her and let me speak,
And kiss her eyes and her lips and cheek.
(And I ride alone in the sunny morn,
In the quivering beechen shadows.)

How am I wrong in adoring her,
So pretty she is, and dear and fair ?

(Tira-la-la on my bugle-horn !)
And what other song can I sing to-day ?
With her scarf in my helm for the great tourney,
Riding out in the sultry morn
By folds and fields and meadows.

IVY-SONG.

THERE sat in this ivied casement,
In the goodly years of yore,
Three fair maids in gowns of green,
With gold hair strewing the floor.
And they watched him come a-riding
Up to the postern-door ;
The bonny knight was bound to fight
For the ladies at the war.

(O there's ivy on the oak tree fresh to be seen,
And the oak tree's dead but the ivy's green ;
On the dead heart of oak it is thriving green.)

" O what's the gift you'll give me
To mind you at the war ? "
" O I'll give you a red gold ring. " —
" And I a sword therefor. "

But the third she spoke unheeded,
With her eyes bent on the floor :
“What else can I give when he has my heart
To be his for evermore ? ”

(O there's ivy on the oak tree fresh to be seen,
And the oak tree's dead but the ivy's green ;
On the dead heart of oak it is thriving green.)

“O what's the gift I'll bring you
When I come from a distant shore ? ”
“You'll kiss me sweet when you're home again ! ”
“You'll wed me the priest before ! ”
But the third she answered softly,
For her heart was sad and sore,
“O it's nothing I'll take from you, my lord,
But to greet you home once more ! ”

(O there's ivy on the oak tree fresh to be seen,
And the oak tree's dead but the ivy's green ;
On the dead heart of oak it is thriving green.)

He came again from the battle,
 And stayed at the postern-door ;
 He kissed the first,—and he wed the next,—
 And he greeted the third once more.
 —It was here were the gate and window
 In the goodly years of yore,
 And you'll find the tomb of the youngest one
 In the ruined chapel-floor.

(O there's ivy on the oak tree fresh to be seen,
 And the oak tree's dead but the ivy's green ;
 On the dead heart of oak it is thriving green.)

THE ALOE-BLOSSOM.

I.

THERE'S a tree that the fruit-trees scorn,
And plants that are scarce its peers ;
For its very leaf is a thorn,
And the tardy flower of it born
But once in a hundred years.

And that flower ?—No flower I know,
How magic soe'er its name,
To southward or east, can show
Such a glory of golden flame !

II.

There's a heart left lone in its gloom
By lovers of every degree ;
And it hides in a breast like a tomb,
For the love of that heart could bloom
But once for eternity.

And that love ?—No passion whose powers
Are prompt to a transient flare
Can vie with its fiery flowers,
Or the smouldering fragrance there !

LOVE-APPLES.

Love rode into the market-place,
With his wares in his hand and a laugh on his
face—

“Come buy !
Rare ripe pippins, plump as a peach,
Selling at only your five wits each !
Still selling !” quoth Love.

Love rode into the market-square,
Tethered his ass, and unpacked his ware :
“Come buy !”

All the lads they shout and shove
To grab the apples of goodman Love.
“Still selling !” quoth Love.

One got a beauty—ah heaven ! so sweet ;
And he drew him apart and set him to eat :

 (" Come buy ! ")

But the melting morsel was quickly done,
And he'd never the price of another one.

 " Still selling ! " quoth Love.

One got a codlin sour as a sloe,
But how till he bit should the buyer know ?

 (" Come buy ! ")

His mouth was wrung and his lips were wried,
And " Fool of Fate ! ah fool ! " he cried.

 " Still selling ! " quoth Love.

One got a russet, all ripe and brown,
Showed it around and about the town ;

 (" Come buy ! ")

Bit it—and bit on a worm within,
And what could he make of the bloomy skin ?

 " Still selling ! " quoth Love.

And folk said, " Fools must go their way ;
You and I'll fare better than they !

Come buy ! "

So they clamour and crowd to this present hour,
Begging the sweet and biting the sour ;—

" Still selling ! " quoth Love.

FORTUNE.

You may frown if you like, and I'll borrow
 Your sauciest smiles ;
You may flirt, and I'll bid you good-morrow,
 In scorn of your wiles.
You may beckon, I loathe your alliance,
 Am deaf to your call ;
You may threaten, I send you defiance,
 Whatever befall.

For the sand must run
 With our hopes and fears,
And all's one
 In a hundred years.

You are bride of To-day, and the daughter
 Of Yesterday dead.
And your pedestalled feet in the slaughter
 Of millions are red ;

But the Fates, they alone have the presage,
Are queens of the earth ;
And the Fates have enshrouded your visage—
O blind from your birth !

And seek it or shun,
Laughing or tears,
It's all one
In a hundred years.

You are feared by the high—then oppress them ;
I've nothing at stake.
You're adored by the low, and may bless them ;
You've nothing I'd take.
Should you smite me, I smile at your blindness—
My heart can endure ;
Should you kiss me, I wince at a kindness
That covers a lure.

When the thread is spun,
A snip of the shears,
And all's one
In a hundred years.

MOONBEAMS.

It fell upon a summertide,
When the storms were laid to sleep,
The sun and the moon, of an afternoon,
Stood over against the deep.
And the deep said, "O you silly little moon,
To pretend to be shining on me!
For my waves flash bright the great sun's light,
But never a spark from thee."

The sun set in a bank of cloud,
And twilight fell apace,
Till the sea was afraid of the ghostly shade
That brooded over its face.
And the sea said, "O you bonny little moon,
To shine so sweetly on me!
For my sunshine's gone, and I'm left lone,
Were it not for the light of thee."

SOUL'S CASTLE.

I.

SOUL'S CASTLE is built in the air,
And a winged little Love is warder there.

A knock at the door ! " Who's this new comer ?
Why, it's a fairy as sweet as summer ! "

II.

" Pretty, be welcome," he said ; " come in,
We'll be your slaves, and you our queen.
Our gilt, perhaps, is a trifle tarnished,
But the house is empty, swept and garnished."

III.

Soul's Castle was pleased and proud,
Crowned the pretty and feasted loud ;
And the new queen wanders over her mansion
With scrutiny keen and admiring scansion.

IV.

"Dear wee warder, what a stone floor !
And what is this iron dungeon-door ?"

"Nothing at all"—(why quake to tell her ?)—
"Only the door of the cider-cellar !"

V.

Soul's Castle snored and slept;
Down in the cell a prisoner wept.

"My wings are clipped by the Master's order ;
Here I lie bound who was once the warder."

VI.

"What was your crime ?" "Our lady fled,
And ever since he has wished me dead."

She paled for wrath ; then wept for pity,
For she was as wise as she was pretty.

VII.

"Soul's Castle I love too well
To blast its deceit with a curse and a spell.

If it's win or lose, if it's I or my rival,
I give her the chance of this love's survival !"

VIII.

And the swallow brought us word this spring
That Soul's Castle is prospering.

And though one on his wings is hardly steady,
Two little warders wait on the lady !

OUT OF THE CLOUD.

My heart's like one blind
In a crowded street,
Who gropes for the comrade
He never can meet.
All over the world,
In its busy crowd,
My heart seeks its fortune
Within the cloud.

O the world's o'erpeopled,
And its air too dense ;
Its kindness cruel,
And its peace pretence.

Am I weak or a coward,
Am I foolish or proud,
That I long to be risen
Above the cloud ?

O to find some mountain
Where the pines are high ;
Where the squirrels clamber,
And the ringdoves fly ;
To hear my wood-nymph
Singing lone and loud ;
To seek her, to find her,—
Beyond the cloud !

A JOB AND HIS COMFORTER.

"SUPPOSE I really love her not !"

" Well, why so wild a riot ?

A passing fancy's soon forgot,

And you'll regain your quiet !"

" Suppose my love is real and true !"

" Then fear not its perdition ;

For nothing fair or foul can do

Will hinder full fruition !"

" Suppose she love me not—ye gods !"

" Why let the fiction move you ?

You love her not ? Well, what's the odds ?

You do ? She'll learn to love you !"

"Suppose my pretty does love me!"

"Then all you need is patience ;

She must confess it presently,

And end your tribulations !"

"Suppose, my friend, you go to—bliss !

Nor longer plague and tease me ;

I want my pretty here to kiss,

And nothing less will please me !"

THE PAINTER'S PATRON-SAINTE.

Good spirit, now may thy celestial seat
Be with the quiring seraphs, for this art
Of rapt copartnership of hand and heart
To fix a fleeting smile before it fleet !
Such gain I find it, and a gift so sweet,
That I could think, for my own special smart,
Thy craft create, all other aims apart,
Even to the intent my joy should be complete.

For, thanks to this, while painting her I gaze
Whole hours upon my cynosure, her face,
While she must sit enthroned in full daylight ;
And on my heart each lineament I trace
That shall return, no vague and shadowy sight,
In dear, clear dreams and reveries of the night.

SUNSET ON IDA.

Anchises.

QUEEN of the earth, in the air of the twilight
 Lighten upon me, who cry to thee here !
 Bring me my day, because thy light is my light,—
 Star of my soul, O my goddess, appear !

Aphrodite Ourania.

Ay, for the afterglow ripens to golden,
 Valleys to purple, and summits to rose ;
 Ay, for the gloaming has power to embolden
 Flame in the heart as the fire on the snows.

Anchises.

Queen of the twilight, thy star has arisen,
 Rise with thy star that no cloud-shadows hide ;
 Break through that heaven which withholds thee
 in prison,
 Here to this earth, to thy poor lover's side !

Aphrodite Ourania.

Lo me at hand, to the sound of thy calling ;
Goddess to earth ; but a poor heart and frail ;
Take my hand, succour me ! save me from falling !
Hold me, I faint for thee ! kiss me, I fail !

Anchises.

Queen, to adore thee, to dare the beholding
Hair of the sunset and eyes like the sea ;
O for the moment's life, O for enfolding
Thy heart to mine, and my own love to me !

Aphrodite Ourania.

Strong arms and heart and you eyes that enthrall
me,
Float with me, drown in love's fathomless wave !
Clasp me, ah, crush me !—what was it they call
me ?
Queen of the world ? ay, my king ; and thy slave !

LOVERS IN HIDING.

No eye so sly, so clever to spy,
So cunning to peer o'er dale and down,
Can rout us out, and tell it about,
With cackle and shout, and never a doubt,
Till we're the talk of all the town !

Across the moss fresh bracken I'll toss,
To make you a seat so sweet and soft ;
Declare if there were ever a chair
So proper to bear a true-loving pair,
As this that bears us oft and oft.

No ear can hear our chatter, my dear ;
The squirrels are wise and tell no tales ;
The breeze agrees to leave us at ease ;
It says to the trees, " Two lovers are these,
So guard them here till daylight fails ! "

One day you'll say, when you are away,
Afar from meadow and moor and stream,
"What bowers were ours, what delicate hours,
What generous dowers of passionate powers!
It must have been an empty dream!"

But no! For oh, how little we know
When life's mere water turns to wine!
We pass the glass from lover to lass,
Nor think what it was, until it's, "Alas!
Our nectar's gone, our draught divine!"

For joy would cloy, without an alloy
Of longing deferred or memory's pain;
But here, my dear, our vision is clear;
This minute we near the uppermost sphere,
When love's unmingled cup we drain!

AERE PERENNIUS.

ONE thing wearies me night and day—

That I love you not ?—Shall I swear I do ?

That you love me not ?—Though yourself should
say

You were false of the false, I know you true.

But to crown and enthrone Love king of us two

One thing is needful ; how shall it be said ?

It's O if I only could do for you

Something to stand when the world is dead !

What is the worth of a life, they say,

If death to-morrow is surely due ?

And a broken dream at the break of day

Is type of the fate men fear to rue.

And this ruin of all that we hold in view

To outlast it we pray, to succumb to it dread :

But O if I only could do for you

Something to stand when the world is dead !

Shall I offer a heart or a hand—to be clay ?

Pictures—to fade in a decade or two ?

Verse—more valueless ? Song ?—in a day

When the sphere-notes jangle shall mine ring
true ?

O fruits of the soul, that the four winds strew,
Till the soul shall stand with its garment shed !

O what with this soul can I do for you—
Something to stand when the world is dead ?

Love, take the soul of me ; mould it anew ;
Yours is the magic of silver from lead :

Fire it and forge it as true as you,—
Something to stand when the world is dead !

ANTIPHILA.

*"Nescio alias ; me quidem semper scio fecisse sedulo
 Ut ex illius comodo melius compararem commodum."*

TERENCE : *Heautontim.*

My friend is like a stedfast star
 Above the sea so far and far ;
 And I'm a little wave, whose brim
 Would catch the rays that come from him ;
 Thinking how wonderful it is
 That he is mine and I am his !

The strangest thing I ever knew !
 So strange, I cannot think it true ;
 So true, I cannot think it strange !
 So right, how can it ever change ?
 It always was and must be this,—
 He must be mine and I be his.

Why should he love me so ? I know
Nothing to make him love me so :
If I were good, if I were fair,
The question would be answered there.
Perhaps the only reason is
That he is mine because I'm his !

I can't be wise, or I could tell
What makes my boy love me so well ;
And if I asked him, he would smile,
And hold me hard, and think awhile.
— Well, I'll put up my face to kiss ;—
He's mine, you know, and I am his !

TWINBORN.

It is five-and-twenty cycles, over twice a dozen
rounded,

As the years of us are bounded,
When the folk that are in heaven, when its habi-
tants immortal,

Who go in and out its portal,
Of a flake of snowy crystal, of a flame from off
the altar,

Plying hands that cannot falter,
Made a pair of tiny beings, such a brace of little
spirits

As this world of ours inherits :
Then they drew the window open, with a smiling
and a singing
Set the sanctuary ringing :—

“From the rampart everlasting, from the golden
trellis-shutter,

O ye little spirits, flutter—

Flutter downward through the azure, hover earth-
ward ” (went the pæan),

“In the sunny empyræan,

To the world that is beneath us, to the people
that are human,

To be man and to be woman ;

Being children of the kingdom, gladden each of
you a mother,

Little sister, little brother.

You shall grow a season severed, you shall wax
awhile asunder,

And shall meet again in wonder

At the marvel of your oneness ; and shall nestle
long together,

Mated birds of heavenly feather ;

Till at last with living sated, with humanity
diurnal,

Be your life with us eternal !

Flutter, birdies! flutter, spirits! till your voyaging
be ended,
By our carolling attended!"

And the eagle wheeled around them, and the
hawk that ever follows
On the swooping of the swallows;
And the sunshine lit upon them, and the moon
looked out to spy them,
And the thunder rattled by them;
As they fluttered on their pinions over earth and
over ocean,
In accelerated motion,
Like the stars that fall in August, with a bright-
ness meteoric,
Feeble, flickering, phosphoric;
Till they flashed into the bosoms of two embryonic
bodies
(Such the miracle of God is),
And the hearts broke out to beating, and the
bosoms broke to sighing,
And the breathing into crying,

To a crying and a wailing ; for the clay was bitter
leaven

For an immigrant from heaven.

And the world was very dismal, to the little ones
so fearful,—

Can you wonder they were tearful ?

And instead of one another, they saw stranger
faces only,—

Can you wonder they were lonely ?

But the one was quickly tangled in temptation
and in trial,

That would hardly have denial ;

And the snow of him was sullied, and the flame
began to darken,

Till he now no more could hearken

To the carolling and chanting of the beings who
had sent him,

To the impulse they had lent him.

So he strayed along the pathways of a thorny
land and flowery,

Desert waste and valley bowery,

Plucking fruit and plucking fungus, now in long-
ing, now in loathing,
Of the clay that was his clothing ;
So bedraggled, so bespattered in the wilderness
that won him,
That the angels wept upon him.

Yet at times in flying moments, and in periods
enchanted,
By the recollection haunted
Of his birth and of his being, he might catch a
little vision
Of his origin Elysian.
(Such are messages from heaven to the lowest, to
the bestial,
To remind of the celestial.)
And his twinborn spirit led him as a goodly guar-
dian angel,
As a faintly heard evangel :—
Why, I think the truest angel that exhorts you,
that reproves you,
Is the soul of one who loves you.

And the guerdon of obedience to the dimly known
ideal

Is, that Fate shall make it real !

O my angel, let me reach you, let me throw my
arms about you !

Could I live so long without you ?

Why, the loneliness itself was but the love in
separation,

But the latent, living passion ;

And the angel of my childhood that has fired me,
that has moved me,

Was your twin-born soul that loved me !

Listen, listen ! In my pulses, in my brain, the
song is ringing,

—Do you recognise the singing ?—

“ Whom their Maker joined together ” (clear as
ocean, loud as thunder)

“ Let none dare to put asunder ! ”

FELLOW TRAVELLERS.

THE mountain's high, we've never a guide,
And how shall we get to the other side ?

Lean on my arm, and stamp the snow,
Take breath together, and on we go !

The river's bridgeless, rapid and wide,
And how shall we get to the other side ?

Your arm on my neck, your foot in my hand,
And I'll carry you safe to the farther strand !

Life looks rugged, and all untried,
And how shall we get to the other side ?

Join hands for succour, and hearts for aid,
And march together, nothing afraid !

And Death is gloomy, the gulf is wide,
And how shall we get to the other side ?

Your arm round me, and my arm round you,
There's One in heaven can carry us through !

THE NIGHTINGALE'S MATE.

BROWN little nightingale
Warm on the nest,
Sing me the music
I love best !

" Nay, I can sing not,
I am but mute ;
Not mine is the music,
Not mine that flute."

Whom did I hear, then ?
Whose is the tune
Trilled in the roses,
Under the moon ?

"That is my lover
You hear through the vale,
The lonely singer,
The nightingale."

What ! and he leaves you
Lone in the grove ?
Moonlight and roses
Are all his love !

"Fie on the falsehood !
Who dare blame
My love, my poet ?
For shame, for shame !

"May be his music
Tells of the rose ;
Ah ! but his meaning
One heart knows.

" Did he delight you ?

Listen again.

Hear you not *my* name

Warbled plain ? "

* * *

" *O moon, O roses,*

Sweet are ye !

But my birdie, my beauty,

Is sweeter to me !

" *For the moon is cold*

And the rose is blind ;

In her eyes, on her bosom

My songs I find ! "

* * * *

Brown little nightingale,

Are you so mute ?

Your soul's in that music,

Your breath in the flute !

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